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Theo-Philanthropy and Self-Development

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THEO-PHILANTHROPY and SELF-DEVELOPMENT; a Series of Progressive ESSAYS on *Health, Education, Religion, Culture, Labor and Life.* By L. Borden.

Entered according to act of Congress, by Lemuel Borden, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

HEALTH is strength, beauty, life, happiness; disease is weakness, ugliness, pain, death: the best people of the world have taught the sciences and practiced the arts of good health and happy life.

Pure atmospheric air, sunlight's holy benediction, hygienic food, pure water, rest, recreation, cleanliness, proper nursing, reform costumes, appropriate surroundings—prudent use of physical, mental and moral forces—gives health to the sick and life to the dying.

Health is preserved by obeying three laws of life:—1st., temperate use of useful things and abstinence from that which is injurious; 2ndly., exercise; 3rdly., cleanliness, or purity of body, and holiness, or purity of soul.

Organized and individual efforts promote human happiness by example, conversation, lecture, address, healing the sick, managing hygienic and educational institutions; but the wars of reformers destroy many insane and imbecile reforms.

The health of the world should grow with social, mental and moral progress; but civilization produces diseases unknown to savage life.

Human improvement begins with association of inferior and superior individuals, and sometimes results from the conquest and destruction of inferior nations.

Our world needs stronger womanhood, longer and happier life, and more beautiful manhood.

[NOTE.— On page 1 read “Entered &c. IN THE YEAR 1872, &c.”— PRINTER.]

EDUCATION is improvement of the physical, mental and moral forces of organized beings, and educational history tells of slaveries and emancipations that have scarcely commenced.

The educational system is development and culture of children by parents and guardians;— benevolent education is the world’s duty, liberty and progress;— self-culture succeeds when education fails.

“Books, schools and theories bow down to the student of nature. They who know most of nature will be the gods and goddesses of the future.”

Art is nature’s college of physical and mental culture; humane arts make learning useful,— learners, happy.

Science is truth, knowledge, certainty—such facts and phenomena as have been observed, recorded, classified, verified, generalized and systematized.

Language is communion of sight, sound, smell, touch, taste, mind and soul.

Civilization is education of cosmopolitan life.

RELIGION is _____ what?!—

Antiquarian, mythologist and geologist read the history of the past, philosophy of the present and prophecy of the future: bhagvat gita discourses of the soul, works, nature, divinity, destiny, faith, salvation;— old testament contains Hebrew history, ethics and poesy;— new testament contains narratives of Christ’s annunciation, birth, life, doctrines, crucifixion, death, burial, resurrection, ascension,— acts, letters and revelations of apostles;— al-koran contains the visions, warnings and doctrines of Mahomet, pronounced in the name of the most merciful god.

There are about 8,000,000 Jews; 371,000,000 Christians; 103,500,000 Mohammedans; 139,500,000 Hindus; 483,000,000 Buddhists; to which may be added the Fetichism of the aboriginal tribes of Africa, America, &c., 189,000,000. [See Chambers’s Encyclopedia, edition of 1879, Art. Religion.]

Spiritualism is credulous; secularism is incredulous; seers and sages quicken the soul and astound the intellect: great principles are written on all things; they speak from bibles of nature and life.

All mind and matter seek beauty, greatness goodness.

CULTURE is founded upon the law and love of growth and change; its means are action, rest, sustenance and protection from such matter and force as destroy life by mediate, immediate and ultimate results.

Physical strength and beauty exist only in laboring gymnastics and living cosmetics of nature.

Animal instincts of preservation and propagation have created the licentiousness, war, gluttony, injustice, pride, ignorance and superstition of human history—

Disease and death without and lust within!

• And holy spirit almost killed by sin!

Social science and progress enlighten and regenerate this world—drive lechery from homes and treachery from states.

Mental powers are sight, doubt, faith; or analysis, analogy and intuition: power, wisdom, beneficence, surround and fill all things: perceive, doubt, believe.

Morals are selfishness and philanthropy: duties of parents, children and citizens, are veracity, chastity, charity; or truth, worth, love.

Spiritualism is hope, joy, peace—fidelity.



LABOR is a duty; rest is a necessity.

Agriculturists till the soil for fruits, grains, roots and flowers: to this are added the keeping and raising of horses, cattle, sheep, goats, hogs poultry, bees and fish; also, the manufacture of butter, cheese, &c.

Mechanics and manufacturers are useful artisans of our world: youth should be able, willing, ready and anxious to do any thing in shop or factory that offers healthful, useful, honorable and remunerative employment.

Commerce may be adjusted to the demands of progressive social and political systems, when the new problems it involves have been solved by science, experience and philanthropy.

Invention, discovery and design should be recruited with laborers until the people are marching in this army of progress.

Authors, or writers of prose, poetry and music,—creators of pictures, paintings, sculptures and higher forms of life, should be as numerous as the artisans of to-day, and the demand for the productions of authorship should be as real and great as the demand for the merchandise of the present age.

Teachers should carry the life and character of each pupil to hills of scientific difficulty and to summit points of human experience.



LIFE! what is it?

The life of the animalist has died in fashionable revels of lust, war, and pride, until man seems an animal indeed.

The life of the socialist has passed from savage isolation and selfishness to some refinement of home and of advancing civilization: politics and socialism are arts and sciences of governing a few and injuring none.

The life of the scientist bestows its bliss on every man, woman and child who learn old truths and arrange phenomena into new and old sciences of physics, mathematics, language and psychics: the spirit of sciences refuses to be bound with scholastical and philosophical chains; the genius of learning and the angel of study cannot be imprisoned in palaces of greatness nor temples of fame.

The life of the reformer demands the attention of all who are conscious that the reformation of self is a necessity and that it is a duty to labor for the reformation of the people with the same zeal and joy which characterize the reformation of self.

The life of the philanthropist is a principle all creeds teach all creedists.

The life of the religionist has many degrees of special development:- material religion, animal, social, intellectual and humanitarian religion.



POEMS. By Lemuel Borden.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1883, by Lemuel Borden, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

LOVE AND LIFE.

Let us earn our own home and the money to roam;

The ancestral old home is a crowded old dome;
You have brothers and sisters who always will mind
If you leave them a balance and leave them behind.

But some homes are asylums for paupers and fiends,
And such homes are soon scattered by avarice's

winds;

But devises of hands and of heads and of hearts
Are much better for youth than those quarrels and
charts.

For the honest cash system is first of the rules
 This life teaches the people who've been in her schools.
 From your kindred you beg any money they've earned
 And Old Credit may tell you when all will be spurned.

O the world is too vile! E'en the women are sold.
 There is scarcely a chance for the girls true and bold
 And the girls who are young and by Fashion unstrung
 Are so much like the herd that is driven along.

Then do please give your heart and do please use
 your hand,

And the work we are entering we'll surely command;
 We'll have books, we will read, and with money we'll
 roam;—

Be a man and a woman who've earned a good home.

And the while we are striving, we're never undone,
 For we always will think of each other as one,
 And then nothing we'll do as if working alone,
 For we'll each help the other and time will run on.

We will walk in the light of the noonday of youth
 To the empire of order—the empire of truth,
 Where the hopes and the fears in their triumph have
 blended

In the fires of a life where the flames have ascended
 From the throne of a home while songs of all measures
 To fidelity give all the holiest treasures
 Of our life and our love and the annals of pleasures.

HYMN to the Greek Goddess of Wisdom and to the
 American Goddess of Liberty.

Sleeping in ages,
 Hearing the sages,
 Reading the pages,

History gave;—

Waving o'er wave;
 Graving on grave;
 Nations that fell

Rising to tell,
 All, all is well.

Heaven is vast,
 Heaven is past,
 Heaven will last.

E'en all of night
 Sang in delight:—

“Wisdom, freedom, love and joy and strength and beauty;
 Name and fame of healthy life and human duty!”

Duteous beauty!
 Beauteous duty!
 Mightiest power!
 Prettiest flower!
 Wealthiest health!
 Healthiest wealth!
 Holiest kiss!
 Happiest bliss!
 Loveliest love!
 Eagle, dove!
 Freedom's free!
 Liberty
 Calls the wise
 From the skies.
 Mirthful songs
 Earth prolongs,
 Gods and men,
 Hand and pen—
 Goddess, thou!
 Woman's brow,
 Woman's arm,
 Woman's charm,
 Bright in might,
 White in light,
 Strong and pure,
 Will endure.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

Prologue. (spoken by "Knowledge.")

Of times around eternities,
 Of gods around humanities,
 Columbias around the world,
 The Muses' songs in beauty whirled,
 And genii of the thinking dome
 O'er seas and lands and hopes must roam
 For heavenly views of earth's best home.

ACT I. Scene 1. Liberty, followed by Mercy, Purity, Wisdom, Progress, Knowledge and Labor, comes from noonday sunlight, stand in midnight darkness,—speaks to the people.

Be not afraid, for it is I, and I,
 I am the old, the old beheld anew.
 I was the sphinx, an ox, a lion, lamb;
 I was a snake, a dove, a crescent, cross;
 I was earth, air and fire; am eagle now;
 And soon the freest, purest goddess earth
 Has known, may change to demons hate and fate.

For I, I am a metamorphosis
 And life's a problem solved by many forms.
 The sacred one, two, three, the mystic seven
 Are number, sound, and time place and space.
 But oh! what brilliant stars of future time
 Move o'er the circles of eternity,
 And, moving, bless the universe.

Scene 2. Mercy, a healthy female chastely attired, enters a parlor which is adorned with statues of greatest persons, paintings of noblest achievements;—she carefully walks among mitres of priests, crowns of monarchs, robes of royalty, flags of nations, treaties of peace, swords of warriors, and sceptres of universal dominion; she reads letters and speeches, writes, and carries a page of writing from the parlor of an executive mansion.

Scene 3. Purity, a beautiful man, sits in a judgment seat, sole occupant of what was once a hall of justice.

Scene 4. Wisdom stands at the entrance of a house of parliament, and looking at surrounding palaces, she speaks:

Ye capitols of human legislation,
 To all philosophies of earth and heaven,—
 To all philosophers,—I dedicate.

Scene 5. Progress, an Amazonian Hercules, speaks from the principal entrance of a patent office.

Inventors, welcome! Brothers, sisters, all!
 Progression rules this world, 'tis nature's life.
 Now once more in the ages we do meet
 And renovate the temples of the arts
 For sacred use of every human mind.
 Minutest elements and combinations vast
 Dress homes of bliss in universal art.

Scene 6. Knowledge drops her pen and book—reads
 “Museum” “Library” “University”
 from buildings, in front; on right and left hands: then
 she laughs most merrily.

Scene 7. Labor and Knowledge meet and greet each other; from gardens orchards, and forests, they walk toward the shops, ships and treasures of the world.

ACT II. 1. *Asiatic Scenery.* Liberty, Mercy, Purity, Wisdom and Progress, in a group; Knowledge and Labor, hand in hand.

2. *African Scenery.* Same characters.

3. *Oceanican Scenery.* Ditto.

ACT III. Scene 1. A Home. Liberty, Mercy and Purity, Wisdom and Progress, enter a bridal chamber and look at a child, watched by its parents as it sleeps on a bed of flowers.

Epilogue, (spoken by Labor to Knowledge, one stanza during each part of the second act.)

And is it our fate
To learn not to hate?
Not even the bad!
Such life of pure love
Has come from above
And we are not sad.

And is it God's plan
That woman rules man
And man rules the world?
Yes, this may be true,
But now in our view,
The ALL is unfurled.

O where is the star
Of poets afar?
Man, woman and child
And God in The All
Who holds in his thrall
All powers so wild.

NOTE.— On page 7 in fourth line from top, after “time” read “AND.”— PRINTER.



AURORA VICTORA.

Aurora asked, “What is a girl’s life worth?”
What wealth and schools and church could give,
were hers.

She lost all these and found a woman’s life.
And first, she found health of perennial youth.
Health gave her touch and eye and ear and soul.
Her soul had arms and soon her arms found hands.
Her hands found human work and she found human
bliss.

She found a pen; a poet’s pen it was.
New life and bliss, ’tis this is poesy.
Health, youth and truth and love and aspiration,
Had come to woman now; of these she sang

As sing the birds, the breeze, the trees, the brooks;
 And soon the rivers of her glowing life
 To seas of peace had poured her lovely melodies.

Then to her hand a painter's pencil came.
 From earliest youth she loved the world without.
 From earliest youth she trod the world within.
 From earliest youth the voice of eloquence
 Had breathed upon the mirrors of her soul.
 The light of thought engraved those images
 And she to canvas gave her glorious memories.

And then her hand did touch a sounding lute.
 Bright Music and her choirs of heavenly Song
 Did rest and move above that company
 And feet and hands and arms and nerves did beat
 Responses to musician, to the Muse
 Who had inspired the song. Then Echoes came
 And bore to other worlds Aurora's minstrelsy.

Hers was a modest teacher's living voice
 Of truth; all science and all art her theme.
 None knew that life and love and truth were one,
 Were one in many and were many in one,
 Till woman's voice, like evening's zephyr rose,
 And like creation's morning stars did bless
 The wisdom, truth and art of this so lovely world.

"Come live and love and work with me, O man!"
 Aurora said. On top earth's highest mount
 I stood. The noonday sun did brightly shine.
 The majesty of nature's solitudes
 I felt; a vision of beauty there I saw.
 A womanly hand did lead a manly man;
 It followed a heavenly child to earthly heaven.

Let none deny this fact of womanhood.
 There are a billion human arms and minds
 So bruised by chains of race and caste and sex
 They dare not even dream of woman's hopes.
 But I have known this child of health and love,
 The playmate of my youth, the bliss of age—
 Aurora was her name; Victoria it shall be.



A THINKER'S WORKSHOP.

We have flown with the wings of the engine and steam
 From Columbia's fane to Columbia's stream,
 And her mountains, her fountains, her hills and her rills,
 Seem to talk as we walk to a thinker's door-sills.
 We were there, we are here, and we open the door,
 See some gardens and orchards the windows before.
 Can we stop in the shop of a thinker so poor?

Soon almost I had died when a child by my side
 Who was woman most human yet not tried as my bride
 Dipped a pen (yes I think) in the thinker's black ink,
 Which she gave while a grave there did yawn like a sink;
 For a pen like a tree that was too much for me;
 Then the door she had shut and I could, would not flee
 When her wand touched my hand and she said,
 "You are free."

"See what a thinker pinned against this wall:—
 The forms of working, thinking palaces,
 With nature's holiest lessons of the vale,
 The mount, the stream, the falls, the ship on shore,
 The grot, the volcan fierce, hill, hamlet, skies,
 Great thinkers' thoughts of those who thought and
 fought,
 And here four hands, two youths, a tree, one heart—
 to war!"

(Then the muse of the place, with a womanly grace,
 He had thought a few thoughts o'er a womanly face;
 In the chords of these words see the pace of his race.)

"Eternal nature doth not hold one thing
 So small, so great it hath no life, no thought
 And never speaks immortal histories.
 The day, the night and chaos, man and beast
 Are sounding instruments of life and thought,
 And touch the notes they please, theirs is the song
 That earth and air and seas and stars do sing
 In time and tune with nature's mysteries:
 And with such sounds sublime, all beauty blends:
 For whitest hands of purest poesy
 Give myriads pencils to the sunbeams bright
 And ne'er deny a pen to humblest bards.
 And thousand thousands bards will hold one pen;
 One pen that —— has held alone; that pen his own.

"The ink must flow e'en as the pen is moved.
 One life of work and thought can do no more
 Than give the world a word or paragraph,
 Or page, or chapter for the few great books
 Of life that bless each dead and living age.
 Some fire should give to clods and clouds and waves
 Some scrolls and scrawls worth less than dust and
 dew.

The transformation of all poesy
 Into the force and power mechanical
 Which rule the rulers of the modern world,
 Involves the sacrifice of theories
 And practices which are the healthy growth
 Of universities of one and one
 Which nature plants in barren soils and solitude."

FROM YOUTH TO LIFE.

Old Father Time is moving on;
 Young Mother Earth waits till he's gone;
 Earth's men and nations write on sand
 All thoughts of life at time's command.
 Earth's infinite, eternal youth
 Treats Wealth and Fame and Faith, forsooth,
 As well as time treats Wit, Grace, Truth.

Long time ago Time married Earth,
 But Earth though young has proved her worth;
 For Health has made this bride so strong,
 For Love has made Old Time so young,
 For Life, a child of Earth, is born,
 And Father Time is not forlorn,
 While Health, Love, Life bloom like the morn.

But even lovely Life grows old
 And Health when bought must soon be sold.
 Eternity dares not disclose
 Infinity's belov'd repose;
 But Father Time and Mother Earth
 Have given Life a home and hearth,
 And they will talk of all her worth.

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